

A Complicated Case

The Man Who Was Accused of Having Murdered Himself.

By CUTHBERT BAKER.

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I am an unfortunate man. I never committed a crime in my life, never even did a dishonest act, and yet I am in jail accused of murder. This may not be astonishing, for many an innocent man has not only been accused of but has been hanged for murder, but what is remarkable in my case is that I am accused of murdering myself.

Perhaps this isn't quite clear. If it isn't, it is either because the case is a very complicated one or I am not in a fit condition of mind to make it clear. The only way to unravel the matter so that it can be understood is to tell the story from the beginning.

Twelve years ago I came to Merford, a young man of twenty-five, to look for a job. I had no funds, and not getting a position at once, I ran in debt to my landlady. A month passed, and I had found nothing to do. My landlady told me that if I didn't pay up by the next Saturday night she would have me arrested for a common vagrant and swindler.

That same day while walking about looking for a job I met a man on the street who looked so much like me that I stared at him as we passed. He turned and said:

"You must be a kin of mine. You look enough like me to be my own brother."

"What's your name?" I asked.

"William Higgins."

"I am Nicholas Van Winkle."

We couldn't trace any relationship, but he asked me into a bar saloon, where we pursued that and other subjects. He was an insinuating fellow and won my confidence so far that I told him of my financial trouble. What did he do but whip out a roll of new, crisp bills and invite me to help myself. I demurred at incurring obligations to a stranger, but he insisted and finally literally forced upon me four ten-dollar bills, saying that he was sure from the likeness between us we had sprung from a common stock and he didn't propose that any kinsman of his should suffer so long as he had plenty of money. I asked him for his address that I might return the loan after getting a position. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I won't tell you, lest you rob yourself to pay me before you are ready." With that he went out somewhat suddenly and left me very much surprised at all that had occurred.

The only thing to do was to consider the episode a piece of good luck, and going to my landlady, I gave her three of the bills, keeping the other for current necessities, which I purchased immediately.

The next day a policeman came to the house and produced a warrant for my arrest. The charge was passing counterfeit money, and the accused was a druggist of whom I had bought a toothbrush and from whom I had received change for a ten dollar bill.

Of course the generosity of my new friend was now perfectly plain to me. I didn't know and don't know now what he expected to gain by the transaction unless he hoped to use me later. My landlady on seeing me marched away by a policeman under a charge of passing counterfeit money took the bills I had given her to her bank, where they were pronounced spurious. When I was brought up for examination both she and the druggist appeared against me. I told a straight story, but without effect. Counterfeit bills had been above in circulation, and the police had been looking for the shover. I was held for trial and spent six weeks in jail. Then I was tried. As there was no evidence connecting me with a gang of counterfeiters, I was acquitted and released.

But one thought absorbed me—to get even with the man who had played the trick on me that had kept me six weeks in a horrible cell and ruined me in the place where I had intended to settle. I walked the streets hoping to meet him till I was so weak from hunger that I couldn't walk any longer, then gave it up. But all the while I was thinking of a plan for revenge. At last I concocted one that might catch the counterfeiter and punish him for something more than breaking the government money laws.

I went to a wood in the outskirts of the town and to a tree planned a piece of paper on which I had written in a trembling hand that I was about to be murdered by a man who had forced me to pass counterfeit money, I having threatened to put the police on to him and his gang. I described the man who had given me the spurious bills. In doing so of course I described my own personal appearance, but I didn't care for that, for I proposed to disappear from the place and play dead. Having taken this the only means I could think of to gain my revenge, I converted myself into a tramp and did not stop moving until I had gone some 1,200 miles from the town where I had had so much trouble. At the end of my tramp I found a man who gave me a job, and I rejoiced that at last I had reached a haven of rest.

One morning I took up a newspaper and read the account of my own murder. Every effort had been made to

und both my body, dead or alive, and my murderer. The police had sent out thousands of circulars giving the description of him that I had written, and it had been copied in many newspapers.

I noticed one day on looking up suddenly at my employer that he was scrutinizing me. It had occurred to me before this that my giving a description of my murderer that would answer as well for me as for him might lead to serious complications. Indeed, after seeing the description of the supposed murderer in the newspaper I had become very anxious. The result was that when I saw my employer looking at me as if comparing me with the description I turned pale. He looked away, and that ended the matter, at least for the time.

Several days later a man came into the store where I worked, had some words with my employer and then, advancing toward me, eyed me sharply; then he took a printed slip from his pocket and referred to it, evidently comparing me with it. At last he took out a pair of handcuffs, put them on my wrists and led me out of the store. It didn't occur to me to protest or to ask any questions. I knew I was to be taken back to the scene of my former troubles to answer to the charge of having murdered myself.

It didn't appear to me then that I should have any trouble in identifying myself. I resolved to say that I had succeeded in getting away from the man who had intended to murder me and had left that part of the country altogether. It didn't occur to me that such a story in the face of a charge of murder would appear pretty thin.

The first realization of my danger that came to me was in talking with the official who was taking me back to Merford. I told him the story just as I have thus far told it here. And what was his comment? It was this: "Young man, if you can't make up a better yarn than that you'd better be prepared for the worst."

This startled me. I had deemed it a misfortune to be taken back to Merford on a case of mistaken identity and to be put to the trouble of an explanation, but that I would be liable to conviction for murdering my own self had appeared so monstrous that it had not even entered my head.

"If you can't prove an alibi," added my keeper, "you're gone."

"What's an alibi?" I asked.

"Being somewhere else at the time the murder was committed."

"But I shall prove that I am the man I am accused of murdering."

He turned and regarded me with a cynical smile.

"See here," he said, "I've been mized up with cases like yours for twenty years. Juries are ready to believe a lot of rot from a prisoner with whom they sympathize, but my advice to you is not to endeavor to work off on them any such rubbish as that."

This frightened me. I leaned back on the cushion of the seat as well as my handcuffs would permit and gave myself over to the most gloomy reflections.

When we reached Merford and I had been examined, not having any means with which to employ counsel, I was assigned one. He came to the jail and heard my explanation. When it was finished he said that he would not think of conducting a case on any such improbable line as that and if I insisted on his doing so I must find another defender.

What was I to do? All these people who were used to such cases agreed that I must not claim that I was myself. I asked my lawyer whom he thought I'd better claim to be. He said that it didn't make any difference what my name was. Criminals usually had plenty of names and used such as were convenient under different circumstances. The only point in my favor, he added, was that the body of the man I had murdered had not been found. He would make as much of this as possible and expected that he would be able to get me off with a sentence of life imprisonment instead of death.

He seemed to consider this quite a comforting assurance. For myself I thought that even imprisonment for life in the case of one who had committed murder on himself or suicide, if it can be so construed, is rather hard lines. However, I told my lawyer that I wouldn't venture to suggest a line of defense to one who knew the law perfectly, and he might consider me either dead or alive, innocent or a murderer, as he saw fit. To this he replied that there had undoubtedly been cases where a lawyer knew his client to be innocent, but the evidence had been so strong against him that he had advised him to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the court.

I won't go into the details of the trial. My lawyer was congratulating himself that he would get me off with a life sentence when the police, who had long suffered before the public for what was considered their negligence in the case of my murder, by continued digging in the wood where I had been murdered unearthed a body. I learned long afterward that it came from a corner of an old burial lot. But it was enough, with all the other convincing evidence against me, to hang me.

The only bit of good luck I have had at all has been the capture of the gang of counterfeiters to which my double belonged. I begged my counsel so hard to find him that to humor me he did so. The result was the bringing into court the real murderer of the man who was not murdered. Which of us would have had to swing for the murder if the other one had been absent I don't know. I am going out a free man, and I propose to disfigure myself so that I will never again look like anybody.

The Doctor's Answers

By Dr. Lewis Baker.



The questions answered below are general in character; the symptoms or diseases are given and the answers will apply to any case of similar nature. Those wishing further advice free, may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Bldg., College-Ellwood Bldg., Dayton, Ohio, enclosing self-addressed envelope for reply. If unable to obtain any of the olive oil mentioned in your regular drugist, go to some prominent large retail drug store which is sure to be well stocked.

Mrs. A. B.—I receive many such statements as yours. You have never fully recovered from la grippe, and there are thousands who have not. Symptoms are pains, shooting pains in side, chest and limbs, nervousness, insomnia, thinness and wasting, languor, shortness of breath, headaches, neurasthenia, melancholy, weakness, trembling, loss of appetite, etc. One may have any or all such symptoms and more. Here is a most wonderful tonic and vitalizer of the system:

Compound syrup of hypophosphites 5 ozs., tincture cadomene compound 1 oz. (not cardamom). Mix. Take a teaspoonful before meals and at bedtime.

Mrs. O. M.—The symptoms mentioned, such as pain in left side, heart palpitation, shortness of breath, bloating, belching, gas and wind, with fullness in stomach after eating, vomiting at times, weakness, etc., all indicate a dyspeptic condition. Avoid pork, pastries, doughy bread, etc., and have this filled: Essence of pepsin 3 ozs., comp. essence cardiol 1 oz., syrup of ginger 2 ozs. Mix. Shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal. Increase dose if necessary.

George R. W.—I cannot give treatment in these columns for such trouble as yours. The reasons are obvious. If you expect answer, you must give full name and address. I never publish names.

A. R. V.—The symptoms you describe indicate catarrh of kidneys and bladder, accompanied by puffs under eyes, swollen feet and ankles, inflamed eyelids, painful, burning scanty—or frequent urination, pain in

back, soreness in bladder region, etc., can be readily corrected by the use of this excellent prescription: Fluid extract buchu 1 oz., comp. fluid balmwort 1 oz., syrup sarsaparilla comp. 4 ozs. Mix. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and one at bedtime. Drink lots of water between meals.

Mrs. X.—The bedwetting "habit" is a disease of children and can be corrected and cured by the persistent use of compound fluid balmwort. Obtain one ounce, and give from 5 to 15 drops in water, after each meal, between meals and at bedtime. Symptoms may increase at first, but continue treatment 2 or 3 months. Keep the bowels regular always.

Maid—Every lady should endeavor to improve the figure and I know of one formula which has proven very successful in developing bust, arms and neck. Tincture cadomene comp. 1 oz. (not cardamom), glycerine 3 ozs., rosewater 3 ozs., borax 1 teaspoonful. Mix all together, shake well and apply to the neck, arms and bust, rubbing and massaging until completely absorbed. Then wash with hot water and soap, dry thoroughly, and massage with olive oil or almond oil. Do this morning and night for several weeks or months if necessary.

Mrs. G.—Use a half teaspoon of lard to which add a teaspoonful of sulphate of quinine. Mix, and thoroughly grease baby's chest, shoulders and abdomen. This will check and cure the cold. Apply morning and night.

Farmer—For loss of appetite I know of nothing better than 15 drops tincture cadomene comp. in half glass of hot water, 15 minutes before mealtime. A powerful tonic for stomach and stomach nerves.

The Way of a Woman

"The woman of today," remarked the shoe clerk boarder, "doesn't seem to know what she wants."

"Your wheels need lubing," the young man," rejoined the fussy old bachelor at the peal extremity of the mahogany. "The wonder of today, like the woman of any other day, wants anything as soon as she finds out she can't get it."—Chicago News

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Receipt for Love Charms

In the court proceedings over the will of Mrs. Mary A. Mason, of New York, it was stated that at her death she had a whole box full of love charms. One charm was made of two pins with their heads together and wound around with string. Another consisted of three tacks wrapped in tissue as though they were diamonds.

"James, can I trust you with the key of the wine cellar?"

The New Butler (stiffly): "Certainly, sir. I've seen all the labels."—Life.

The Pill That Brings Relief.—When after one has partaken of a meal he is oppressed by feelings of fullness and pains in the stomach he suffers from dyspepsia, which will persist if it be not dealt with. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are especially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

"Did you see Hifite's portrait in the 'Bugle'?"

"No. What was he cured of?"

"Vanity, I fancy, after he saw the picture."

Applied Learning

The Absentminded Professor.—My tailor has put one button too many on my vest. I must cut it off. That's funny; now there's a buttonhole too many. What's the use of arithmetic?

Amy—Has he ever loved any girl before?

Mabel—I don't know or care. What I want to know is if he ever will love any girl in the future.

It is an undisputed fact that one package of Wilson's Fly Pads has killed a bushel of house flies. Fortunately no such quantity can ever be found in a well kept house, but whether they be few or many Wilson's Fly Pads will kill them all.

Masey—I was taken for twenty-five today, and I am only eighteen.

Daisy—What will you be taken for when you are twenty-five?

"For better or worse."

Kidneys Were in Bad Shape but Cured Was Effected and All Credit Given to Dr. CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS.

So many suffer from lame, sore, aching back and do not realize the seriousness of their condition because they do not know that this is an unmistakable symptom of diseased kidneys.

When it is so easy to get relief and cure by using Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills you would wonder why anyone should take such a terrible risk.

You can be sure of relief by using this medicine because of its direct and combined action on both liver and kidneys. Ordinary kidney medicines often fail because they do not awaken the action of the liver and bowels and do not give the kidneys any chance to get well.

Mr. Fred Gummer, Lillies, Leeds Co., Ont., writes: "I can honestly say

EXIT THE REDMAN.

The Indians of West Selkirk Must Go Farther Into the Wilds.

There was a day when the town of West Selkirk, pitched out in the fertile valley of the Red River, was the pioneer West in epitome—shacks, traders, saloons, and Indians. Its picturesque has gone out with the wheat. There are still a few shacks—more stores and banks; traders there are, calling themselves business men, not bartering, but selling for cash; the whisky is still there in tall gleaming bottles sold at long bars by white-aproned drawers. The last vestige of raw Selkirk went out recently when the redmen, Cress and Bouteau moved their camp.

The passing of these Indians of Selkirk is the same story as that of the Songhees in Victoria, who have got orders to leave their happy hunting grounds because the simple life they exemplify in the middle of the jumping British Columbia town does not agree with the live ethics of the city fathers. The benevolent white gentlemen of Selkirk have come to the same conclusion. They have discovered that the Indians and other vicious traits are bad for primitive natures; so 1,200 remnants of warriors have been told to close up their whitewashed cabins, pack up their tepees at St. Peter's, from which reserve for many moons they have seen Fate whistling close by on the shrieking railway, and beat their way to Fisher River, a stream far off on Lake Winnipeg.

The young chains have set their faces toward Canada. But the wrinkled, royal bloods of the Crees live with the memories of the tomanah—the freebooting days. The mighty grandson of Apechamun, friend of Pontiac and Tecumseh, sows in his wigwam and drones: "The Indian never reserve, no confines them."

The veteran, B. Ryan, patting his Victorian medal, is alive with anecdote, tale-telling to the wondering youths around his campfire, of the Battle of Seven Oaks and the prodigies of valor performed therein, and the butchery of Governor Semple—ninety-four years ago. Readily recalls William Ashum, second chief of the Crees, the bullets singing in the Black Hills, the massacres in Minnesota, and Senator Sutherland's son shot by sneaking marksmen on the Kildonan trail sent out by the half-breed Riel.

SIR JAMES GRANT'S ELIXIR.

Ottawa Physician Says He Owe His Own Health to His Remedy.

According to The New York Times, Sir James Grant, of Ottawa, the well-known Canadian physician, believes that he has discovered, not exactly the elixir of life, but at any rate a means of greatly prolonging youth, and apparently of bringing youth back to some extent.

Sir James is himself the best advertisement of his method, for he has passed his vitality for his age, now nearly 77 years. He is visiting London, and he looks like a man in his fifties. His secretary, a young man, says it is difficult to keep up with the work his employer does.

Two years ago Sir James created a sensation at a meeting of the British Association by a paper on the extraordinary rejuvenating powers of electricity. He has since then treated himself without using any spectacles at all. His hearing is as good as ever, and he has also had much success with a number of eminent patients on the other side of the Atlantic. His treatment consists of electrical applications by means of a special battery and systematized massage.

A writer in The Pall Mall Gazette says he walked with Sir James a distance of half a mile, and could not help commenting on his vigor and energy. He asked Sir James if he wore spectacles, and Sir James replied:

"Yes, I do wear spectacles. I have worn them for forty years—until such time as I began to treat myself with electricity and massage; to-day I do almost the whole of my reading and writing without using any spectacles at all. My hearing is as good as ever, and I feel that I have the energy of a man of 40."

"I notice that your city is full of taxicabs, but so far as I am concerned I never ride where I can walk, and, indeed, if I were challenged I would undertake to run a mile any day. I can hardly believe that I will be 77 in August next; certainly, I feel not more than 45, and for this happy state of affairs I thank my electrical treatment."

A Quaker Mail Delivery.

One of the most remarkable mail routes in the world is that which a letter journeys in getting from Beebe Plain, Vt., to Beebe Plain, Quebec, Canada. While the two offices are within ten feet of each other—separated in the same room, in fact—a letter mailed from one office to the other must make a trip of 294 miles—67 miles in Canada and the rest in the United States.

The plain, old-fashioned store building, which is situated on the international boundary line, contains both the United States and Canadian offices. There are separate entrances to each, but both are in the same room, have the same lobby, and there are no partitions to mark the division between the domain of Uncle Sam and the possession of King George.

"If you mail a letter from the Vermont side addressed to the Quebec side," says the postmaster, "it goes from here to the junction, then to Newport, then to White River Junction and back to Lennoxville, Quebec, over the Boston & Maine. There it is transferred to the Grand Trunk and goes to a southbound mail pouch, and comes to Stanstead Junction, and then back to 45, and for this happy state of affairs I thank my electrical treatment."

Epoch-Making Saskatoon.

Quite recently there was some voting in Saskatoon. Thirteen bylaws made its program, and its excitement. With twelve of the bylaws the citizens agreed; especially one which has taken them two years to smooth out the wrinkles. This proposition was to allow a corporation called the Saskatchewan Power Co. the right of harnessing the river near Saskatoon, handing over to them the job of turning the factory wheels of the town. The power plant will go up—cost one million dollars; guaranteed to sell the juice at the rate of between thirty and thirty-five dollars. Altogether, this power scheme is quite the most metropolitan feature which has developed in Saskatoon during its history. Which is saying a great deal. Seven years ago, Saskatoon was a hundred people in shacks connected with the outside by a very shaky and erratic stub railroad. In 1903, there were seven thousand people in the town—double that there were in 1906. In three years the assessment jumped from \$750,000 to seven million.

Lived in Six Reigns.

Mrs. Mary A. Turk, mother of John Turk of the Windsor (Ont.) station, has received a letter from Buckingham Palace acknowledging receipt of a letter of condolence which she addressed to Queen Alexandra shortly after the death of King Edward, and conveying thanks for the expressions of sympathy. Mrs. Turk is 92 years old, and has lived under the rule of six British monarchs. She was born in England, and attended the coronation of Queen Victoria before coming to Canada.

A Terrible Crime.

A chief petty officer was at Portsmouth taken into custody and marched to barracks for wearing a white cotton shirt instead of a white starched linen one.

IS NOW IN RUINS.

B.C.'s First Government House Is Fast Disappearing.

Scarcely twenty miles from Victoria, British Columbia, as the crow flies, but almost as far removed as the Pole for all the acquaintance which residents of this Provincial Capital have with it, or with the circumstances of its erection and occupancy, one of the truly historic buildings of British Columbia is fast crumbling with decay. Unless action is soon directed toward the preservation of this landmark of pioneering days and of the infancy of popular Government on Vancouver island, the obliteration of the first Government House erected and occupied as such in this westernmost colony of the British Empire must within a few short succeeding years be made complete.

At present the strong, rough-hewn, low walls still stand staunchly, though many gaping wounds bear testimony to the severity of Time's assaults. Doorways and windows yawn vacantly; the roof and the main chimney of country-rock, have fallen in; and moss and creeping vines strive with a pitiful bravery to veil and even make beautiful the hideousness of ruin and forgetfulness. In one end of the abiding place in time long past of gubernatorial dignity and splendor, a couple of alien miners have, with a patchwork of coal-oil tins, evolved a nondescript and grotesque habitation; while what was once the governor's garden humbly bears tribute to the productiveness of the soil in the thrift of the Chinese squatters in yearly dividends of onions, beans, and potatoes. Two or three times a season, perhaps, some hunter, ranging far afield, pauses for a moment either to look at the crumbling threshold or to take toll of the two neglected apple trees which sentinel the portals, planted by the governor's winsome daughters in the long ago.

Gone are the stalwart miners with their high hopes, and abiding faith in nature's bounty—the campers of the argonaut army—the sights and sounds of rugged and optimistic mining camp activity. What was in 1864 and 1865 the busiest community in Western America, just such a typical camp as Bret Harte pictures in his Nevada classics, has once again reverted to the wild. The ruins of the Government House, fragments of slowly decaying furniture, a roomy but crumbling cabin, and an occasional Chinese miner—the culture of the mining camp whose day is over—these remain to mark the brief but spectacular chapter in Vancouver island's history when all eyes were turned toward the confluence of the Leech River and the Sooke, and Leechtown, at the junction, was the nonce the focal point of public interest.

Dr. Brown, who was among the first to explore the interior of Vancouver island, and who made a somewhat celebrated journey across, sent the news of the discovery of gold "in one of the forks of the Sooke River," and his departure, dated July 21, 1864, created much excitement, not only in Victoria, but all along the gold-fever-stricken coast.

Nuggets as high in value as \$70 were picked up, and as much as \$35 a day was earned. It was estimated that \$30,000 was taken out of Leech River in little more than a month after the excitement had begun. The discovery drew hundreds, if not thousands, of people from Victoria and beyond to the district, and for a short time the population of Leechtown and thereabouts considerably exceeded that of Victoria. Naturally the head of the Government found it both interesting and desirable to follow the people, and the community miners erected a substantial and picturesque place large house of logs for the comfortable accommodation of Governor Kennedy and his two fascinating daughters—the young ladies who, with some little ceremony planted the two apple trees still sentinelling the doorway, and still bearing good fruit even in their neglected and gnarled state.

The claim is thus supported that this was the first Government House erected as such upon Vancouver island—the governor formerly having made his official home in the Hudson Bay Co.'s stockade, or later, in the residence originally erected by the first Attorney-General of the colony, Mr. Carey, for his own occupancy. This served as the official residence of Colonial and British Columbia governors until its destruction by fire during the brief regime of Lieutenant-Governor McInnes. The present stately Government House was subsequently erected upon its site.

When the pious looking lady entered the bird shop and stated her need of a talking parrot, the proprietor "reckoned 'ed got the very thing the lady wanted."

"Course 'ma'am," he said, "you don't want a vulgar bird. This 'ere one, now, was brought over by a missionary. Talks like a reg'lar hymn book, 'e does. I wouldn't let him go if I didn't think you'd give him a respectable home. Thirty-five shillings that bird, 'ma'am."

"You'll soon know!" screamed the Polly. "You'll soon know!"

"Dear me. How quaint," gushed the lady; and thirty-five shillings changed hands. "What does he mean by 'you'll soon know,' I wonder."

"It's 'is only blemish, 'ma'am," smiled the bird-shop man. "'E's got it into 'is 'ead that every one's anxious to find out wot a missionary's son when he 'is 'is thumb with a 'ammer.'—London Ideas.

Practically all Canadian Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers sell Wilson's Fly Pads. If your storekeeper does not, ask him why.

"Joseph," said his mother reprovingly, "I should think you'd be assumed to be in the same class with boys so much smaller than yourself."

"Well, mother," said Joe. "I look upon the matter in a different way altogether. It makes me feel fine to see how proud the small boys are to be in the class with a big boy like me."—Delineator.

Visitor (consoling to Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet): "Tut, my boy, there is no use crying over spilt milk."

Tommy: "Course not. Any duffer knows that. All you've got to do is call in the cat, and she'll lick it up. But this don't happen to be milk, and mamma will do the licking."

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Hol. loway's Con. Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

Mutual Compliments

At a certain church it is the pleasing custom at a marriage for the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young lady who was about to be married in the church did not relish the prospect and instructed her prospective husband when making arrangements to tell the clergyman that he did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom did as directed.

"Well, George," said the young lady when he appeared, "did you tell the clergyman that I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"Oh, yes."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that in that case he would charge only half the usual fee."

"THE DEAD HAS COME TO LIFE"

A "FRUIT-A-TIVES" MIRACLE



MRS. JAMES FENWICK

Enterprise, Ont., October 1st, 1908.

"I suffered tortures for seven long years from a Water Tumor. I was forced to take morphine constantly to relieve the awful pains, and I wanted to die to get relief. The doctors gave me up and my friends hourly expected my death. Then I was induced to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and this wonderful fruit medicine has completely cured me. When I appeared on the street again my friends exclaimed: 'The dead has come to life.' The cure was a positive miracle." MRS. JAMES FENWICK.

50c a box—6 for \$2.50—or trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

His Only Blemish

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